NATIONAL REVIEW

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Intellectual 'Bogartism'

GARRY WILLS

The Dirtiest Word in the Language

MORRIE RYSKIND

Why Not Abolish the ICC?

AN EDITORIAL

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · DOUGLAS JERROLD

L. BRENT BOZELL · RUSSELL KIRK · PETER CRUMPET

LEE EDWARDS · FRANCIS RUSSELL · ANTHONY LEJEUNE

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For the Record

New York Republicans would like to know whether the poll-takers who found Nelson Rockefeller the leading candidate for Governor of New York are the same ones who backed Harold Stassen's famous downgrading of Nixon in 1956....Charles A. Edison, the former Governor of New Jersey who has been a conservative independent since leaving the Executive Mansion in 1944, is reported to have thrown his weight behind the Senatorial bid of Judge Robert Morris.

The Soviet news blackout on Sputnik II has prompted certain government intelligence circles to cast a more critical eye on Soviet claims. They now question Soviet figures on the weight of the second satellite and even raise the question whether it did carry the dog, Laika....European diplomats claim that part of the $2-million arms shipment French authorities seized on a Yugoslav ship bound for Algeria, included arms made in the U. S. and sent to Tito as part of our military aid program to Yugoslavia.

The budget of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee will be slashed this year. The cut—from $289,000 to $209,000—was proposed by Senator Eastland of the Judiciary Committee and opposed—as not being quite enough—by Senator Watkins. The UAW Public Review Board has upheld the rights of five union officials who invoked the Fifth Amendment before the Internal Security Subcommittee....Circuit Judge Wallace of Alabama has declared that his court records will be closed to investigators from the President's new Civil Rights Commission.

Acting Prime Minister R. A. Butler says that the British government probably will cut both its defense and social welfare spending during the current year....A "Freedom symbol" is appearing on walls throughout Red China: the numbers 1-2-3, standing for January 23, the date of the arrival in Formosa of 14,000 Chinese Korean War prisoners who refused to return to Red China.

Guatemala almost had another political assassination on its hands during election week. U. S. Ambassador Edward J. Sparks was the intended victim—the blame to be placed on Dominican dictator Trujillo. Trujillo is said to have warned Ambassador Sparks of the plot.

NATIONAL REVIEW

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The WEEK

● According to former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, "Mr. [George] Kennan has never, in my judgment, grasped the realities of power relationships, but takes a rather mystical attitude toward them." Precisely so. Which, of course, is what qualified Mr. Kennan to serve as chief of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff under the Secretaryship of Dean Acheson.

● Ezra Taft Benson had a further taste last week of what he is up against. For the benefit of agricultural constituents, his inquisitors on the Agriculture Committee of the Senate not only resisted Mr. Benson's call for a moderate revision of the parity laws in the direction of sanity, but undertook, for the record, to insult Mr. Benson, and cast him in the role of enemy of the open sky and abundant field. Senator Ellender of Louisiana called Mr. Benson a liar (it is Senator Ellender who recently discovered, upon traveling in Russia, the good intentions of the leaders of the Soviet Union); Senators Thye and Young were rude; and Senator Symington, in behalf of the starving masses of Missouri, spoke, apparently, in jeremiads ("Every time, Moses [Benson], that you strike the rock you hurt my people.") Mr. Benson (and Lewis Strauss) are the nearest thing to principle in the Eisenhower Administration. And principle is in disgrace with fortune, and men's eyes.

● Dr. H. H. Nininger is the head of the American Meteorite Museum of Los Angeles, and he raises a very interesting point indeed. Existing radar equipment, he says, is incapable of clearly distinguishing between meteorites and missiles. Both give off roughly the same "blip." This means, says Dr. Nininger, that a nuclear war might be triggered by nothing more aggressive than a wayward meteorite venturing innocently over earthly skies. He calls for a worldwide briefing for all radar technicians on the subtle difference, discernible to the expert, between the blips caused by the one and the other. We hope that Dr. Nininger's concern partly issues from the fear that our deadly anti-missile projectiles may end up demolishing some of his beloved meteorites. There is, too, the problem of traumatizing the electronic brain which guides the projectile toward the target: sending one off after a meteorite would be as cruel as sending a hound after a Mercedes 300. NATIONAL REVIEW favors compulsory courses in blip recognition.

● No trumpets sounded, no banners were unfurled when ten Negro parents filed suit in Federal Court last week for an injunction to end segregation in Atlanta's public schools. But this is it. The preliminary skirmishes in the Border States have been won. The NAACP now is serving notice that it is ready to join battle with the Deep South itself. And Atlanta is to be the battleground. Georgia's governor Marvin Griffin, an outspoken foe of integration, stands authorized by the Legislature to shut down any public school which is ordered by the courts to integrate. The South's will to resist will meet a real test in Atlanta. A backdown there if the injunction is issued, as it surely will be, could herald a new march through Georgia, prelude to another Appomattox.

● By inadvertence, says the *New York Times*, it quoted President Eisenhower as having said to Premier Bulganin in their recent exchange of notes that there were certain problems "which if *resolved* would make it ever more difficult to maintain the peace" whereas, to be sure, what the President *really* said was that his proposals "deal with the basic problem which press upon us and which if unresolved would make it more difficult to maintain the peace." Now that that has been cleared up, what we would like to know is, what *are* this problem?

● Mr. Frank Altschul, a Big Bertha in the Liberal garrison, fired off a salvo in the *New York Times* addressed to the question of protocol in restoring Dr. Oppenheimer's security clearance. Just as somebody must once have addressed himself to the question whether Dreyfus should kiss the general, or the general Dreyfus, Mr. Altschul ponders the question whether the Atomic Energy Commission should now approach Oppenheimer or Oppenheimer the AEC. Everybody, of course, agrees that Oppenheimer should be reinstated (except the "timorous" or "overzealous" who got him out in the first place, but then their action was conditioned by the "then prevailing atmosphere of hysteria")—it is a question now of etiquette. Mr. Altschul, having weighed the problem, concludes the AEC should go to Oppenheimer since he is the aggrieved party. After all, Oppenheimer so to speak invented atoms, and for his pains got kicked around by a Commission that was in effect taking its cue from Senator McCarthy. Well, now, *that* problem is behind us. It is left only for Dr. Oppenheimer's supporters to specify a date for the ceremonies.

● The truth, sometimes, can be found. David McCord Wright has quite obviously been an instrument for its discovery, as witness his American Enterprise Association pamphlet, *Post-War West German and*

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United Kingdom Recovery. What Professor Wright proves beyond the shadow of a doubt is that West Germany, by giving relative free play to its industrialists, its investors, its workers and its consumers, has increased its productivity at a rapid rate, whereas England, by retaining "controls," has lagged behind. Moreover, the "law of the jungle" German economy has done more for the "little man" than the English "welfare" State. As we say, the truth can sometimes be found. It remains to discover ways of getting the truth into the likes of Aneurin Bevan. We do not necessarily despair; but sometimes we think that "remedial reading," with the Bevans of this world, should be supplemented with a course in "remedial comprehension."

● We note that in an interview with the *Toronto Globe and Mail,* Mr. Cyrus Eaton, a naturalized American who has amassed a hundred and fifty million dollar fortune, has further elaborated his views on the state of the world. Mr. Eaton, it will be recalled, summoned together a number of the world's scientific and intellectual elite at Pugwash, Nova Scotia, last summer, to plug for coexistence. It is now clear why coexistence is so desirable: the United States may march on Russia. "There is more spirit of war in the United States than in any other country in the world," and Dulles is behaving "exactly as the Kaiser did in 1914."

● The *Herald Tribune's* "Radar Screen" raises the question: Will Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr. back Harriman for Governor "or will he bolt for the GOP nominee as he did for Eisenhower in 1956?" We remind the *Tribune,* and Governor Harriman, that following Congressman Powell's switch to Eisenhower in the final days of the 1956 campaign, the Justice Department obligingly squashed an investigation into his income-tax returns in spite of the fact that officials directly in charge of the investigation declared that, in their opinion, the government had enough evidence to win an indictment ("The Wheels of Justice Stop for Adam Clayton Powell Jr.," NATIONAL REVIEW, December 14, 1957). We suggest to Mr. Harriman that perhaps the best way to insure Mr. Powell's loyalty might be to start an investigation into his New York State tax returns.

● New York conservatives were confronted last week by a surprising impudence: a petition urging them to support Oswald Heck, Speaker of the State Assembly, for the Republican gubernatorial nomination—on the ground that he of all candidates would best safeguard conservative interests. Those who recall Mr. Heck's aggressive support of Jacob Javits for the Senatorial nomination in 1956, and his enthusiastic efforts in 1955 on behalf of Governor Harriman's left-wing Labor Commissioner Isador Lubin, were bewildered, to say the least, by Speaker Heck's posture as conservative pin-up boy. Is he pursuing principle at last? Or merely votes?

● When Roald Amundsen of Norway became the first man to reach the South Pole by land in 1911, he found nothing there to greet him but more snow, more wind, more desolation. Not so George Lowe, a member of the Vivian Fuchs party, who found, upon his arrival at the South Pole last week, a welcoming party headed by Sir Edmund Hillary, shelter, food—and a single letter, from the New Zealand Department of Internal Revenue, asking about his back taxes. All of us can envy him the point of vantage from which he can thumb his nose.

Another Step or Two

The current differences between Dean Acheson and George F. Kennan are not to be dismissed with pleasantries about what happens when thieves fall out, or wisecracks about look who's saying what. Kennan is one of the great false teachers of our day; that he should be exposed as just that is a matter of the first importance; and if for this purpose help be forthcoming from so improbable a source as Dean Acheson, NATIONAL REVIEW is only too glad to welcome it.

What Mr. Acheson is saying boils down to two points: First, that the man upon whom he, as Secretary of State, thrust greatness—the man who, as Acheson's chief of policy planning and his Ambassador to the Soviet Union, could not open his mouth without future U.S. policy popping out of it—does not understand the realities of international politics. Second, that this is not the moment to be reopening negotiations with the Soviet Union, since we are not, right now, "doing so good." Both are points that cannot be too often made; and, in view of Mr. Kennan's continuing prestige as a publicist, they are points that especially need to be made simultaneously. If, moreover, Mr. Acheson's reading Mr. Kennan out of the Democratic Party were to mean a break, on the part of its leadership, with the whole Kennan approach to the USSR, we might indulge a little hope about the future of U.S. foreign policy.

Mr. Acheson has, to be sure, another step or two to take: having repudiated Mr. Kennan, he must go on now to repudiate the policies that he adopted as Mr. Kennan's boss and that, as NATIONAL REVIEW continues to believe, are for the most part responsible for our present inglorious plight. Acheson, that is to say, must repudiate Acheson, and proceed from his own newly-developed understanding of the realities

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of international politics to the elaboration of a policy that will not merely contain world Communism but destroy it. That will be the day; and we promise to raise no inconvenient questions about why he didn't do it sooner.

A Base Is a Base

NATIONAL REVIEW proposes to lose no sleep over the supposed "American defeat" in the mayoralty elections in Okinawa—or, for that matter, over the tacit premises that have caused certain observers to interpret it as a defeat. We must learn, unpalatable though the lesson be, that we are not likely to be loved, out over the world, for our charm (which is somehow lost on "foreigners"), or for our wealth (which is more likely to evoke envy than affection); that the bases we establish in foreign lands are constant reminders to the local populations that there may one day be a war between the United States and the USSR; that the citizens of these lands do not like, any more than we do, to be reminded of that unpleasant prospect; and, finally, that no one is likely to say Thank You to you for turning his home into a priority target for nuclear bombs.

What we should try to do, where we must maintain bases—and what we failed to do as well as we might have in Okinawa—is to hold the tensions to that minimum that enables their efficient and continued operation, and to expect to pay through the nose for it. As for protestations of affection, and automatic defeat for anti-American candidates in local elections, the applicable rules are: a) we can't afford what they are likely to cost, and b) he who expects little is rarely disappointed.

Who Gets What Why?

Let us put four facts together, and try to add them up:

1. The State Department announces that—out of some fund or other that has presumably passed beyond the control of Congress—we will advance India $225 million in new pocket money.

2. The ruling Congress Party of India, in annual convention assembled, declares that its and India's policy is to move as rapidly as possible toward socialism.

3. India's Finance Minister, T. T. Krishnamachari, followed on the dais by India's Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, pledge that for India there will be "no retreat" from socialism. "Socialism suits India," Pandit Nehru summarized. "The fact that we do not go about shouting socialist slogans does not indicate a weakening."

4. At the Ankara meeting of the Baghdad Pact powers (Pakistan, Iran, Iraq, Turkey, plus Britain), our primary hope as a bulwark against Soviet advance into the Mideast and Africa, the delegates ask how come Washington offers an unconditional quarter of a billion to the unfriendly government of India while it dickers for months over a few million to bolster the defensive strength of the Baghdad powers?

The net sum, so far as we can figure, is well below zero. The only attempt at positive justification for foreign aid that we ever heard was that it somehow served the nation's interest and security. But in the Middle East, by the record, we are doling out the bulk of it to the nation that opposes our international policy and is overtly sworn to pursue the opposite of our ideal of the good society. Simultaneously our only serious friends and allies in that region—allies who have fought with us in Korea, grant us bases on their territory, and support us in the recurrent international crises—are cut off with a contemptuous shilling.

Afterthoughts on Gavin

The precedent established by General James M. Gavin's recent resignation is wholesome, long-overdue in American life, and, as may be seen from some of the immediate consequences, dangerous. The more dangerous, let us add, because of the way it was handled, both by General Gavin and the Secretary of the Army, and the way in which, up to now, it has been interpreted.

The modern multifunctional democratic state depends, for its operations, upon large numbers of men and women who belong to one of the professions. It seeks to enlist their expertise on behalf of policy goals that, ideally at least, are set by elected officials (experts, according to the British maxim, should be "on tap, not on top"); it expects from them, therefore, a blind obedience, for which (in theory at least), they are rewarded in part by *not* being held responsible for the consequences of the policies they serve. As, however, they move into higher and higher posts in the government service, their non-responsibility becomes increasingly fictional. At some point the question unavoidably arises, Is a permanent official who is convinced on professional grounds that the policies he is asked to forward are wrong policies, entitled to threaten to resign and carry the issue to the country? And is he, when the threat fails to budge his superiors, entitled to make good the threat?

By and large the traditional American answer to those questions has been, No—threats of resignation involve an unwarranted attempt by permanent

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officials to make policy. In the ideal case, however, the threat to resign merely forces the superior to be fully responsible, and enables the official to dissociate himself from a course of action that he believes to be against the public interest. He does not dictate; he merely names the terms on which he will continue to offer his professional services.

In order for the resignation device to work wholesomely, however, the issue must be kept clear and pure. It must, to begin with, be a *policy* issue. The objector's objection must rest on professional, not personal or selfish grounds. The issue must, finally, *remain* an issue between the official and his superior; it must not, up until the resignation becomes effective at least, become a matter of public debate. And, unless the resignation is to be in vain, it must be one that can be publicly canvassed after the objector has left the public service.

None of these conditions was satisfactorily met in the Gavin case. General Gavin should never have mentioned, in connection with it, the matter of his promotion. The whole business became, prematurely, a topic of public debate—one, worse still, in which the real issues could not be ventilated because they are highly secret. Secretary Brucker further confused matters by attempting, finally, to buy Gavin off with a promotion, thus showing that he had missed the point altogether. And General Gavin, again because of security restrictions, will be unable to take his case to the country.

But a wedge has been driven into the slavish idea, out of place in a democracy, that an Army officer or high civilian official has to be a good fellow and go along even with what he knows to be wrong.

(Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of Punch)

"Shall we . . .?"

Natural, Indicated, Circumspect

The President's proposal for a national conference on the "economic aspects" of our security looks innocent enough. National security does indeed have its "non-military aspects"; and the nation's "business and organizational leadership" should indeed give thought to them. What more natural, then, than to bring six or seven hundred businessmen together for a couple of days to think and learn about the non-military features of the national defense? What more indicated than to call in Energetic Old Trouble-shooter Eric Johnston to make the arrangements? And what more circumspect than to bill the affair as a "bipartisan" conference, to which, therefore, Herbert Hoover, Harry Truman, and Adlai Stevenson will all be invited as a matter of course?

Only when you translate the proposal into language based upon the realities of the President's political predicament do its real character, and bearing upon our constitutional morality, begin to emerge. So translated, it boils down to this: Mr. Eisenhower and the bureaucrats who do his thinking for him know that public opinion, as reflected in Congress, is against them on the "trade and aid" policies enumerated in the State-of-the-Union speech. They fear that Congress will refuse, in a year of recession, to go along. So they propose to summon a rump Congress of their own choosing, manipulate its agenda and time-table, and educate its members. The latter will in due course go home and educate the constituencies; and the constituencies will put the heat on their Senators and Representatives to vote as the President wishes them to. The political maxim that underlies the scheme is, quite simply, this: If public support is not forthcoming for an Administration's designs, let it manufacture that support—by feeding into the constituencies the public opinion it wishes to get back out of them.

Congress should move vigorously either 1) to scotch the proposed conference, by exposing it as an attempt of the Executive to undermine the congressional position, or 2) to impose upon it a mission appropriate to such a gathering in a self-governing nation, namely: That of making a genuine canvass of the highly controversial issues involved in the trade and aid controversy. This would mean hearing speakers on both sides—and arriving at non-

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Why Not Abolish the ICC?

A subcommittee of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, headed by Senator George A. Smathers of Florida, has been hearing the depressing details of the story of the disintegration of a great industry. The collapse in price of most railroad securities on the New York Stock Exchange confirms the fact that with a very few exceptions, the nation's railroads are in a sorry state, technically and financially. The Smathers committee heard that "seven or eight" of the Eastern roads are "on the verge of bankruptcy." Even the strongest railroads show a downtrend much steeper than the general economic recession.

It is the job of the committee to recommend treatment as well as to diagnose the ailment. The usual array of economic crutches have been urged on it: state or federal subsidies, tax rebates, stepped-up payments for mail and other government shipments, etc. At best these would enable the railroads to drag out a permanently crippled existence at the expense of the community.

The railroads' troubles are many. There is no cure that is both easy and painless. Alternate modes of transport, some with favored public treatment, are competing with and ever replacing the rails. The rail network, essentially a product of the nineteenth century, is in many ways out of accord with the nation's mid-twentieth-century economic structure. The craft-hardened, featherbedding railroad unions are a massive cross to bear. Railroad management and unions alike, caught in the inertia of a declining industry, have been slow and timid about administrative and technical innovation.

The railroads, in short, have to go through a tight wringer to survive. But by law they are prevented from taking the necessary steps to pull themselves out. They are penalized by the most cumbersome, obsolete and expensive rules and regulations ever spun by bureaucratic spiders. The primary source of this stultifying web is the Interstate Commerce Commission.

When the ICC was established in 1887, the railroads held an effective monopoly of United States domestic transport. In 1887 neither the automobile nor the airplane had been invented. The railroads' role in the nation's drama had been stellar; but the great railroad operators — the Goulds, Vanderbilts, Fisks, Drews, Cookes—had exploited their monopoly to abuse the public. The ICC may not, ideally, have been the best answer to rebates, market raids, sacrifice of customer service to financial deals, and corruption of public officials; but it was a scarcely avoidable response to what had become a general public demand.

Today, as everyone knows, the transport world is totally changed. Trucks, buses, private autos and airlines are not merely alternatives to the railroads, but, in many phases of the industry, they supersede them altogether.

Drastic reorganization—administrative, corporate and financial—is called for. But the smallest move must be checked out through the ICC bureaucracy. A change, or simplification, in the ridiculously complex rate structure? The elimination of a single stop where no passenger or package ever boards? A change in basic scheduling or equipment? The abandonment of a hundred feet of track? The merging or unmerging of lines and equipment and companies to gain efficiency and cut costs? Nothing can be done without waiting months, often years, for the hearings and processings and "finalizings" of the ICC. With this stone—itself a huge public charge no longer serving any public purpose—on its neck, the railroad industry has little chance to get back on its feet.

It is true that the ICC performs certain purely technical functions (connected with safety, health, consistent traffic rules, etc.) that are desirable. These are, however, easily separable from its economic and financial preoccupations. The technical functions could be handed over to a modest successor agency.

With that qualification, we recommend to Senator Smathers the statement of Mr. G. B. Aydelott, President of the Denver and Rio Grande Western: "The only way to correct [the situation] is not to ask a subsidy for the railroads but to turn them loose." As the one conclusion that can most benefit at once the railroads, the national economy and the interests of responsible government in a free society, we propose:

Abolish the Interstate Commerce Commission.

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predetermined conclusions with respect to them. *Pace* Clinton Rossiter and other misguided constitutional theorists of our day, there is no room in our Constitution for a President who is Chief Educator.

All the King's Horses . . .

Last week a jury in New York convicted Mr. R. Lawrence Siegel, and his law associate, Miss Hadassah Shapiro, of perjury and obstruction of justice. The scantily reported trial was of a man well known in New York, active in left-Liberal affairs.

In 1955, Harvey Matusow, who had once been a Communist, later a McCarthyite and witness against the traitors with whom he had associated, turned around yet again and swore that in giving evidence against his Communist colleagues he had perjured himself; more, that he had been persuaded to commit perjury by Roy Cohn. A grand jury set out to ascertain which Harvey Matusow was the liar, learned it was the latest Matusow, and started him off on the way to jail. In the course of the investigation it developed that Mr. Lawrence Siegel was very much involved. But when Mr. Siegel was approached to cooperate in the Grand Jury investigation, specifically when he was asked to produce memoranda he had kept of meetings with Matusow just prior to the public re-recantation, Siegel first destroyed the memoranda (obstruction of justice), then lied (perjury) about their content.

Siegel is not just an orthodox crooked lawyer. And it is difficult to see how his actions could have been motivated by mere financial avarice, since not big money, but big-time politics, were involved in the Matusow episode. Siegel was a member of the board of directors of the New York Civil Liberties Union. He was counsel for the *Nation* magazine (was it he, we wonder, who prompted the magazine to sue ex-staffer Clement Greenberg, in 1954, for accusing the *Nation* of following the Communist Party line under its foreign editor, J. Alvarez Del Vayo?). He was former counsel for Sarah Lawrence College. On top of all this, Siegel was counsel of the Division of Academic Freedom of the American Civil Liberties Union! In behalf of so staunch a member of the fraternity, the New York Civil Liberties brass (*e.g.*, Ernest Angell, Edward J. Ennis, George Rundquist, etc.) put on a character-witness demonstration reminiscent of Alger Hiss'—and to as little avail.

One recalls the great Hughes Case of 1956, when a jury refused to take the word of such as James Wechsler (*New York Post*), Joseph L. Rauh Jr. (ADA), and Al Friendly (*Washington Post*). Perhaps the next objective of the American Civil Liberties Union—by way of maximizing free speech—should be the abolition of perjury laws?

Notes and Asides

To our embarrassment, Mr. Thurgood Marshall, having firmly committed himself to appear at the fourth National Review Forum which presented a mock retrial of Brown *vs.* Board of Education, pulled out of the program. His grounds for doing so were technical and, in our judgment, invalid. He claimed that the recent appeal of the Prince Edward County (Virginia) Board of Education against the order of the Court of Appeals fixing a date when integration must begin, technically reopens Brown *vs.* Board of Education since Prince Edward County was among the original co-defendants; which made it improper for him publicly to discuss the case. In the judgment of lawyers whom we consulted, Mr. Marshall would not have breached legal ethics by discussing Brown *vs.* Board of Education because the appeal by Prince Edward County does not challenge the interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment put forward by the Supreme Court, which was to be the subject of the mock retrial. Prince Edward County is merely appealing (in line with Virginia's announced policy of massive resistance) the lower court's ideas on *implementation* of the desegregation decision. Mr. Marshall rejected NATIONAL REVIEW's offer to submit the question to the ethical practices commission of the Bar Association.

Mr. Marshall's motives? We suspect that on reflection he questions the wisdom of encouraging public analysis of the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment. Not everyone is as gullible, or as willing to amend the Constitution, as today's Supreme Court justices.

We state the facts here merely as a public service, for whatever use they may be to others who plan programs in which Mr. Marshall is featured. Line up a substitute in advance—or pray that you will be as lucky as NATIONAL REVIEW was in securing the services of Mr. Irving Ferman, Washington Director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

Our Contributors: GARRY WILLS ("Intellectual 'Bogartism' ") began his writing career with *"Time*-style" (NATIONAL REVIEW, August 3, 1957). He is a graduate student in the classics at Xavier University, Cincinnati. . . . LEE EDWARDS ("The Way of All France") served two years with the Army in Germany and has just finished a year at the Sorbonne as a GI student. This article marks his debut as a writer. . . . DOUGLAS JERROLD ("Dr. Toynbee's Homogenized Church"), the distinguished British author and publisher, is Chairman of the publishing firm of Eyre and Spottiswoode. Among his books is *The Lie About the West.*

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Intellectual 'Bogartism'

Safely immured within the Establishment, the Liberals of 'Partisan Review' like to play 'tough guys.' What they don't know is that their guns are loaded

GARRY WILLS

I opened again the pages inside which all outsiders are welcome, looking back over the four issues which constitute the 1957 volume of *Partisan Review*. What a vision that pugnacious title would call up, if it were a banner carrying the motto of each writer: we would have not one camp, but a field outside the walls where anyone could stake out his own land, pitch his tent, wage his own war.

But it was the same old scene last year: here is the ark, the citadel, the Establishment. All the writers were timidly trying to get outside the walls, but none could take the leap. Unless one is inside, what *is* one, after all?—illiterate, or a new conservative! So each contributor nervously drops names, assures us he is known and knowing. The critics talk about their friends the critics, and wage friendly wars among themselves, pretending they are heroes of the fray. Ralph Cohen cannot make the obvious statement that this is an age of criticism without crediting this "discovery" to William Van O'Connor and W. K. Wimsatt Jr., much as we credit Edison with the light bulb. One must always give his references in such a caste-conscious society.

The magazine's very impressive achievements are its least-noticed ones, the ones it does not want to admit, since they are accomplished in its unwanted moments of realism, when it stops posing as a wildly partisan voice of reform. It is good when it is *tame*—in its quiet stories, which catch fine tints and attitudes of mind; in the art criticism of Rosenblum, as perceptive and responsible as can be found today. But the magazine's contributors have the Liberal dream of combining the security of power with the flattering illusion of danger; they cannot admit that their role is a tame one. The terms these men use to describe themselves —"*avant-garde*," "radical," and "dissident"—are like the bits of shepherd talk bandied back and forth in Louis XVI's court. The court—the Establishment—is so safe, so dull, that its inhabitants must pretend they are "roughing it."

The Student as Terrorist

Who are the cardboard dragons in this quaint, pastoral scene? One of the greatest is that vicious creature, the student. Richard Chase sets out to slay it in his article "Radicalism Today." The essay is cast in dialogue form: enter student, spouting platitudes, accusing the professor of omitting the "moral core" of literature, calling him radical. The unintimidated professor stands his ground before this terror. He can even laugh in the face of danger, covering bad arguments with bad jokes: literature, not being an apple, can have no moral core. He makes the miniature investigator fume still more with a passage from Ralph Bourne, which says the radical must be harsh in bucking the machinery of conformism. Then he quotes Nietzsche.

It was Nietzsche's season among the Liberals, with whom he is no longer a fascist. He is almost as much their hero as the one movie star they have admitted to their circle—the Bogart who was canonized, at his death, by the *Atlantic Monthly*. His crew cut, slang and wry wince are no longer the gangster's emblem, but the college professor's; his embittered and embattled air is the "nonconformist" Liberal's highest luxury.

But we must return to Mr. Chase's exciting scene of conflict: the relentless professor is by now snarling the name of Whitman, and a moral shudder passes over the student. Howells is attacked for his "middlebrowism" (a middlebrow term if there ever was one), and the student winces. All college students are deeply hurt by attacks on Howells. Faulkner is praised, and the student protests that the man attacked the middle class and morality (implying they are much the same thing). The professor is getting tougher every minute:

> Even if temperamentally he [the radical] would like to be a middlebrow, he finds himself unable to breathe in that musty atmosphere. This is, perhaps, what Bourne meant by saying that the radical "will have a taste for spiritual adventure, and for sinister imaginative excursions."

Both speakers go on over-reacting to authors: the teacher calls D. H. Lawrence "a turgid moralist" and quotes the early Brooks—both of them "extreme" to the student.

At length the student, his back against the wall, plays the conservative's trump card, and desperately calls the professor a Calvinist. But it is too late. The game goes to the professor. The student interrupts a diatribe against conservative bastions of power, asking who is referred to:

> No names, Silverman. I have mentioned too many names in the past. It always gets me in hot water; it is bad for my career.

(The trench-coat collar goes up, the hat down; cryptic remarks, delivered from the side of his mouth, fade into knowing silence.) "Always the ironist, eh Professor?" says Silverman, with grudging admiration. Said the dragon to the saint, "You slay me, George."

Afraid, it seems, that some of the doctrinal niceties may have escaped us because of the dialogue's witty form, Mr. Chase makes the same things more tiresomely obvious two issues later in "The Fate of the *Avant-Garde*." Whitman, Nietzsche, Brooks and Howells are all brought back in the same roles. "If only Van Wyck Brooks . . . would say something disorderly."

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But Mr. Chase did not say the same thing in every issue. There were many others who said the same thing, and with all of them it was a big year for Nietzsche. William Phillips, in his "Artistic Truth and the Warped Vision," invokes his Dionysius against Apollo. Phillips not only takes a broad view of the Nietzschean madness (after all, it is tough on the nerves to murder God); he *recommends* it as a cure for dullness. (Bogart gets along better with the bums and hoods than with the pompous, "law-abiding" men.) Mr. Phillips, noting how madness has served the arts, deplores our "period of respectability and cultural timidity," in which there is "a growing tendency to tear down the more obviously neurotic and alienated writers, like Kafka, Proust, Joyce, *even* Dostoievski." Is nothing sacred? But Mr. Phillips looks forward to the day when *idiocy* will again be sacred: "In our time the distinction between the two [Truth and Neurosis] is slowly disappearing, and — who knows?—maybe some day the neurotic artists will become a pillar of society."

Another approach to the Bogart image is that of Ralph Cohen, one of the "oral-anal" critics, who contributed "Private Eyes and Public Critics." By a series of puns ("private eye"—"private-in-the-army I"—"inward I-eye"), the critic is made a tough guy relentlessly searching for "the facts" in his own statements and those of others. After all, Oedipus, who is a detective seeking for himself, had such a private (personally his own) eye that he could tear it out and throw it away, keeping his *more* private (entirely inward) eye. This tragical-comical-historical- pastoral nonsense is a good *example* of critical gibberish; now Mr. Cohen gives the *reason* for it: the tangled language of modern critics is a stratagem of the detective, who puts himself in the criminal's state of mind to read the clues correctly. (But the modern critic does not *betray* the criminal; he gets in that state of mind and stays there, so that Mr. Cohen only proves what he did not mean to—that most modern poetry is a crime).

Herbert Gold proves he can be as tough as any of them in his article on "Personality in the Novel." His message: the novelist must be "grownup, risking, athletic," because our conformist world needs "the dangerous, destructive moralist which the great novelist is." He does not quote Nietzsche; anyone who says "destructive moralist" does not need to.

Their Higher Morality

Of course those who attack middle-class morality must do so in the name of some higher morality. Nietzsche's self-justifying will, however, has been replaced by the self-analyzing mind, by "critical integrity" —a much tamer thing, no matter how often it is called "desperate, lonely, and courageous." This is an intellectual's morality—and Bogart's: there is nothing the matter with a bum if he has the honesty to know he is a bum, there is nothing immoral about any idea so long as it is formulated by "a thinker." Critics can also speak of a poem's "purity" and "courage," of a poet's "technical conscience." In fact, everything is treated in moral terms except morality. Faulkner has given the critics a chance to fashion great systems of moral thought; there are two articles on the Christ figure in his works, and a long review of *The Town*, in this volume.

The enemy—most commonly called "the conformists," or, in more directly Bogartian terms, "society"—is formidable, but the tough guys will stick by their drifting, down-and-outer clients (like Dostoievski). Are there any other enemies in the offing? Luckily, no. This magazine is serene, and stands above the Liberal's nervous need to toss a "certainly" or "naturally" to those who ask if they are non-Communist. (No one uses the nasty word "anti-Communist" in such polite circles.) Communism is simply not a threat. After all, says Sidney Hook (in "Socialism and Liberation"), no doctrine can remain stable. It is always being changed, and at present being softened and liberalized, by our evolving world. Look at the most doctrinaire thing we know:

> The development of Christianity is largely the history of radical changes, both in doctrine and in practice, by those who claimed to be doing no more than returning to the pure essence of the doctrine.

From this stand—which Mr. Hook's students would call "relativism," and the literary critics "ambivalence," though logic names it contradiction—came the year's finest exercise in what Orwell called "double-think":

> We find the variations in the practices of Communist states just as great, but enormously more significant. Even if we consider all these different roads to socialism as different ways of enslaving the human spirit—as at the present time they are —they may also be assessed as providing varying opportunities if not for immediate liberation, at least for extension of the areas of freedom.

He then tells us that we should study Marxism to develop its good points and liberalize its tyrannical "aspects."

> When Gomulka proclaims "It is a poor idea to maintain that only Communists can build socialism, that only peoples holding materialistic social views can do so," he should certainly be applauded, and even more so when he characterizes socialism in ethical terms as the system of social justice.

We should be glad to hear that Communists are willing to use ethical terms to conquer us, and rejoice over the fact that *we* can socialize too. After all, "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em"—and perhaps improve them. This is why the conservatives are the enemy; they will not join these people and help turn Communism into a *good* socialism, they are not mesmerized by the magic words "social justice," they do not realize that ideas have no stable content—that, as Richard Wollheim puts it, in "The New Conservatism in Britain," ideas don't keep:

> Witness the intense animosity of the Conservative party to ideas. Not that the Conservative party is dedicated to counter-revolution; it is interested in something even more "unideological" than reaction, *i.e.*, conservation. And the first principle of conservation, as any housewife knows, is to try and conserve only those things that "keep": which ideas notoriously don't.

In their defense of the "poor, misguided Communists," perhaps the Liberals are more like the tough guy than we—or they—realize. As Bogart would say of the underworld friends he is protecting, "society" never gave them a chance. Bogart's foe, the pompous young D.A. intent on his career, is "the bourgeoisie" which

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drove these poor proles to peddling dope (which is, after all, more humane than hunting dope-peddlers). We must not condemn; we should study the criminal mind—or the Marxist ideology—and talk their language; see what honor there is among thieves; learn to duck when a cop—or the FBI—strolls by. Until society learns to sympathize with the outcast ones, the tough guy must make it his vocation to protect them.

Though these Bogarts are only Bogarts—that is, actors—and though they do not get the danger or excitement that they yearn for in their safe world, they *do* get results. They do not really understand the criminals undermining our whole civilization. But they protect them.

The Way of All France

LEE EDWARDS

The water had stopped. There was no electricity. In the kitchen the gas burners were cold. Outside, on the sidewalks, last night's potato peels, meat scraps and tomato cores rotted inside garbage cans. Today the postman would not ring even once. Beneath the street there was no rumble of the subway, and above it buses and trains stood motionless in their barns. No airplanes crossed the hazy November sky. But the city teemed with life. The populace moved by automobile, truck, scooter, bicycle, cart, and on foot.

Were the people fleeing from a doomed city? Had they been given a few hours to collect their families and belongings before the approach of a dreaded enemy? This was not a city stricken with panic or despair, but the acknowledged center of pleasure and luxury, Paris. This was Paris, the capital of France, a modern metropolis of three and a half million, placidly going about its business in the midst of a 48-hour strike, one of three similar national strikes within the year.

As an American reared in a paradise founded by Ford, sustained by Standard Oil and perpetuated by Prudential, I was highly indignant at such inefficiency. The latter is a word scarcely recognized by us but daily and devotedly practiced by all Europeans in general and by all Frenchmen in particular. My protesting tenor was a lonely voice crying in an unconcerned metropolis.

I awoke that November morning with a start shortly after eight. The electric clock beside my bed read one minute after twelve, the publicized hour of the strike. Madame Bourney, from whom I rented one room of a three-room apartment, had warned me the night before to save some water for my morning wash. The cold water was invigorating, recalling army days on bivouac, until I used it for shaving. I was not sure whether I cut myself because of the cold water or because I could see only approximately by the gray light of a dim fall day.

"Rien à Faire"

Madame Bourney smiled at me, waving a hand filled with melba toast, as I left for school—having lived in Paris for almost sixty years she calmly accepted such inconveniences. At the café on the corner, I dipped a stale croissant into lukewarm coffee. There would be, of course, no fresh bread for two days. The conversation of the owner and a friend was desultory, resigned. I caught the phrase, *"rien à faire,"* literally, nothing to do.

As I walked the mile to the Sorbonne, I passed hundreds of people of every economic level walking briskly to work. Every car, every truck was filled to capacity. Balanced precariously on a motor scooter, three students putt-putted by. French "paddy wagons," usually reserved for "ladies of the evening" and assorted criminals, collected government workers at designated corners. Bureaucracy would not have a holiday.

After school there was nothing to do but go to a café and talk. As dusk drew near, candles appeared in a thousand windows. Some gas, it was learned, remained in the pipes of the restaurants, enough to assure heat for cooking, at least for that first night. Dinner that evening, by flickering candlelight, was a romantic's delight.

As there could be no movies, plays or concerts, the cafés quickly filled and overflowed. Conversation, always a major art in Paris, was animated. Yet, as I listened, I heard no indignant accusations, no threatened reforms, no emphatic demands. At the very least, a similar situation in New York or Washington would have resulted in a crash program, the appointment of a czar, a Senate investigation, an accusation by Adams, a denial by Reuther and a five-billion-dollar drop in the stock market followed closely by a six-billion-dollar recovery.

At the Café Select, I casually asked a long-time inhabitant of the *quartier* how he felt about the strike. "It is impossible," he replied. "The unions strike to force a wage increase so the government, almost bankrupt by the Algerian War and income tax evasion, promises to investigate. In two days the strike ends, and the government conveniently forgets its promise. So," he concluded, "everything limps along until the next time the unions become impatient with their low wages and demonstrate again." He shrugged and began discussing the latest exhibition of an artist friend.

Not every one of the public utilities and services ceased completely. Even a strike could not be carried through 100 per cent effectively by the notoriously individualistic unions. But my building in the 14th *arrondisement* was without gas, electricity and water for the entire period.

Fatalistic acceptance is to be commended in war or in any time of crisis. But apathy and indifference to ills that can be cured are dangerous symptoms of a dying society. History records no nation that died of ennui, but the present era is a revolutionary one that writes its own laws. If political and economic *laissez-faire* continue in France, we may live to see the poignant shrug become a final compulsive shudder and the phrase *"rien à faire"* an epitaph.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Some Notes on the Budget Message

The first thing to hit the eye of reporters looking at the new budget—the thing, anyway, that found its way into all the headlines—was the President's assertion that he planned to devote 64 per cent of federal spending in the coming fiscal year to "protection." The President apparently felt that figure would convey the idea that his Administration is responding to the growing Soviet challenge with a sense of urgency and crisis. The reporters played along. Curiously, however, neither the President nor the reporters thought to mention that the portion allotted for "protection" in last year's budget was also 64 per cent. The protection share was, as a matter of fact, a little bit *bigger* last year—63.79 per cent in the proposal for fiscal 1958, as against 63.73 per cent in the proposal for 1959.

* * *

Another datum that got less attention, perhaps, than it deserved: As a matter of course, the President's Budget Message includes a revised estimate of federal spending in the *current* fiscal year (in this case July 1, 1957-1958) that takes into account developments since his original estimate of the previous January. Recalling the anguished cries from Congress last spring over the size of the budget and the vigorous demands that it be sliced—by three or five or ten billion, what was it?—I indulged a nagging curiosity to see how the economy drive had fared. The figures were disappointing. *The President's original budget estimate for fiscal 1958 of $71.8 billion has been revised to $72.8 billion.* Let us make allowance for the $1.5 billion in increased military expenditures ($1.3 billion of which Congress is being asked to appropriate this spring) and the $0.5 billion in increased interest payments on the national debt—neither of which the economizers could be expected to do anything about. And let us give Congress credit for hacking off a billion, more or less, from the economic aid program. This leaves domestic spending under the 1958 budget within a few million of what Mr. Eisenhower asked a year ago.

I recalled also Mr. Eisenhower's solid reputation as a "budget-balancer"—a feat of state that has endeared him to many and has led others to accuse him of having a businessman's mentality. The President's original budget for 1958 anticipated the largest surplus since pre-Korea days, $1.8 billion. The revised estimate for this year, alas, foresees a deficit of $0.4 billion. What went wrong? There was more spending and there was less revenue than the Administration said it could collect—$1.2 billion less, to be exact.

If the Administration maintains that rate of accuracy in its prophecies about the state of the nation's economic health (and thus about the size of taxable incomes), a substantially larger deficit can be expected for fiscal 1959. For the President's 1959 proposals leave a surplus cushion of only $466 million.

The President has an answer for that situation should it materialize. He told his press conference last week that he would not recommend higher tax rates if a deficit should loom since "you want that economy . . . to have a little needle." *I.e.*, as John Maynard Keynes would certainly understand, a shot of deficit financing.

* * *

In absolute terms, spending for "protection" is slated for a slight increase. $47.1 billion is being asked this year, as compared with $45.8 billion in last year's message. The bulk of this increase will be absorbed by the $5.3 billion missile program—though the extent of the increase is not known. With an eye to its political fences perhaps, the Administration is carefully guarding the figure it assigned to the missile program a year ago.

The most surprising item in the 1959 budget is the President's relatively puny request for foreign economic aid—only $973 million, as against $2.1 billion asked a year ago. This figure is also less than the $1.3 billion Congress actually authorized last year. In the light of the recent propaganda barrage, initiated a while back by the State Department's hair-raising account of the Soviet Union's "economic offensive," the proposal defies explanation. Could it be that the Administration does not believe its own propaganda? Or, perhaps, that the camp is divided—with one group having had the decisive hand in the State-of-the-Union Message, for example, and the other in the Budget Message?

* * *

But if "protection" spending is to increase, over-all, so is non-protection spending, and this is the point one wishes the commentators would devote a little more time to. The President's "mammoth" 1958 budget called for domestic expenditures (excluding interest payments on the national debt) of $18.7 billion. *The 1959 figure is up to $20 billion.* Nor is this all. As this column has remarked before, the President's budget proposals include only a portion of total federal spending: huge amounts are paid out annually from various trust funds—"social insurance" payments and highway expenditures being the main items. Thus, in 1958, the Eisenhower Administration proposed to spend, not $71.8 billion, but $84 billion—$30.9 billion of which (still excluding interest payments) was devoted to domestic purposes. In 1959 the Administration proposes to spend $86.7 billion in all—$31.7 for domestic purposes.

A good standard for measuring the "trend toward statism"—the one that Mr. Eisenhower once promised to reverse—is the extent to which the people's money is expropriated and distributed by Leviathan. So Eisenhower's $31.7 billion in domestic expenditures should be compared with the $19.7 billion in Harry Truman's last and most extravagant year—*an increase of 60 per cent.* And since the gross national product has increased during this period by only 17 per cent, and population by around 10 per cent, Leviathan's growth under President Eisenhower is relative as well as absolute.

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Trouble in Gaucho Land

Under the burden of organized labor and the Welfare State, Uruguay is in a political and economic decline which its people are too demoralized to reverse

TIRESIAS

> What do those white and red stripes represent?
>
> They represent the misfortunes of our nation, the ruins that surround us, the misery and the mourning of our people, the shame of having begged our way through the ages, the need for foreign intervention in our affairs, the penuriousness of a nation bankrupt, with all its bitter humiliations, hatreds, passions, and personal miseries.
>
> ANDRES LAMAS, 1855

Want to retire at fifty on full pay? Want to speculate with preferential exchange rates? Want to rope an ostrich or duel with a politician?

All these and many more—as the circus barker used to say—await the visitor in Uruguay, a country too often called the Switzerland of South America. Unfortunately Uruguay's similarity to Switzerland derives from its small size and rotative plural executive, rather than from the industry and enterprise more generally associated with the Swiss.

Long considered politically the most stable country in Latin America, little Uruguay (population under three million) is showing critical signs of strain. Its beef-wool-and-wheat economy is at an all-time low, and even the welfare-oriented ruling Colorado Party is wondering how long a country can continue to spend beyond its means (or even its desires) to produce. Until recent times a leading exporter of beef cattle, Uruguay has been forced by a series of circumstances—not the least of which was extensive statist meddling—to import Argentine beef, a situation as improbable as the importation of tulip bulbs by Holland. So, although the fifty-cent T-Bone is still a reality in Montevideo restaurants, it may well be Argentine and the price no accurate reflection of its cost.

Wool prices, forced up by round after round of union-inspired and government-abetted wage increases, could not compete in world markets but for the subsidy device of a preferential exchange rate. Until the recent closing of Uruguay's foreign exchange market a tourist dollar exchanged in a Montevideo *cambio* would fetch about four Uruguayan pesos, but to a favored industry (such as wool producers) the government would sell dollars at, say, two pesos each. In this way the industry's books registered a profit even though the country as a whole suffered a loss in each such transaction. Further examples of this sort of economic tomfoolery are not wanting.

By making moderate contributions to a *Caja de Jubilaciones* (retirement fund) many *criollos* (creoles) can and do retire on full pay at the age of fifty. True, their pay was never large in North American terms, but once *jubilado* the Uruguayan is free to sip *yerba mate* to his heart's content or find other employment to supplement his retirement income. In any case the odds are high that the *jubilado,* if a former government employee, was accustomed to working only half a day or less at his government sinecure and the rest of the working day at a different job.

As a generalization it may be said that Uruguayans are an intelligent, frank and pleasant people. This being so, their docile acceptance of outrageous labor-political shenanigans reflects more discredit on their courage and morality than were they the hapless, enervated citizens of some sun-baked banana republic. Uruguayans will suffer in silence almost any amount of strike-caused inconvenience, numbly doing without gas, electricity or transportation until the government (*sic*) reaches an agreement with the strikers. The government, of course, is the biggest single employer in Uruguay, and as such may be expected to interest itself in labor disputes. However, its interests extend to disputes affecting non-governmental businesses as well, a tendency indisputably on the increase around the world.

Prince Presumptive

The List 15 (*Quincista*) ruling clique of the dominant Colorado Party is largely a puppet show conducted by Luis Batlle Berres, one of Uruguay's nine National Councilors in the rotative system of Presidents (or, perhaps more realistically, Committee Chairmen). Batlle (Bah-zhay) is a descendent of Uruguay's turn-of-the-century President, Jose Batlle y Ordonez, an early apostle of state-welfare theories. The present Batlle, an admirer of Harold Laski, has twice been President of Uruguay, fought three duels, and is the country's uncrowned king. In 1956, Batlle in a press interview announced that Uruguay would "sell everything but [its] soul" to the Soviet Union. Some critics of Batlle's regime believe that that, too, may have come to pass. Leaving the hypothetical for the concrete, it can be pointed out that Uruguay is host to a Soviet Legation of a size huge in comparison with legitimate diplomatic missions in Montevideo; that Uruguay maintains diplomatic relations in varying degree with Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Rumania, Yugoslavia, East Germany, and at the time of the Soviet intervention in Budapest was on the point of establishing full diplomatic relations with Hungary. Communist Chinese and other Red trade delegations come and go as welcome guests of the nation.

Uruguay's largest labor grouping, the Communist-run *Union General de Trabajadores* (UGT), can suspend the country's communications, transportation and utilities services, and frequently does. The lone alternative

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to the UGT is the Socialist-oriented Confederacion Sindical del Uruguay (CSU), whose affiliates are drawn largely from the rural interior. The CSU is perhaps half the size of the UGT and its comparative influence fractional. The UGT is considered by some observers to be an active political arm of the Batlle clique. Certainly no animus exists between them.

When workers strike for higher wages (or just for the sake of striking) and management declines to grant their demands, the union turns to the government which then dictates the terms of settlement. There is no recorded instance of such a *fiat* settlement being concluded on terms unfavorable to the union elements.

Workers recently struck against the government-owned railroads and after weeks of inconclusive negotiation marched down Agraciada, the broad avenue that leads to the marble Legislative Place. It was as jovial an assault on the public purse as you are likely to see: a few mild banners demanding wage increases; the strikers sauntering smilingly toward their goal. Watching the demonstration, one realized that it was basically a sham engaged in by both sides. The farcical hunger march permitted the government to grant costly wage concessions without incurring excessive resentment from non-union voters.

The Uruguayan railroads were financed and established by British capital, and returned profits to the investors until nationalized. Then the dead hand of socialist management turned the once-profitable system into a run-down, inefficient bureaucracy whose support was a staggering annual drain on the national budget. However, cynics point out that with fewer cattle to haul to market every year the railroad system will be less active, will depreciate at a slower rate, and become in time less of a public debit.

As stunning as Sputnik was the November announcement that the U.S. packing firms, Swift and Artigas (Armour), were withdrawing from Uruguay. It followed a quiet Klein-Sachs survey and cited, as the basic reasons for closing, an insufficient supply of beef and continuous labor troubles. How the shrinking Urugauyan economy will absorb the estimated 6,000 packing-house workers has yet to be announced by the government, which, needless to say, is for nationalizing (confiscating) the packing plants rather than for doing something about the origin of the problem.

In government circles one hears vague talk of reshaping the Uruguayan economy, of mining manganese, drilling for oil, etc. But in a country which has abandoned the production of rice and beef and cannot find markets for its wool, the talk is ludicrous.

Ninety Years in Control

Since the mid-eighties the Colorado Party has been the country's dominant political power. The boom times of two World Wars and of the Korean conflict yielded general satisfaction with the economic policies of the Colorado "ins," but now an inflation estimated at about 35 per cent in the past year has caused responsible Uruguayans to question for the first time in many years the doctrinaire welfarism of the Colorados. Opposition Blanco leader, old Luis Alberto Herrera, is a shrill nationalist whose goading of List 15 Cabinet Ministers and appointees has produced a widespread political reshuffle in the past few months, and resulted in challenges on the Field of Honor to two of Herrera's Blanco Deputies. (The challenges eventually were ruled *sin causa* by Tribunals of Honor.) What Herrera's Blanco "outs" would do should they unexpectedly receive the public mandate in 1958's election has never been defined by Herrera, and *criollos* disgusted by government graft, favoritism, inefficiency and subservience to the UGT feel that the known Colorado List 15 quantity is still preferable to the unspecified platform of the Blancos.

Growing national distrust of the List 15 rulers has shown itself starkly in a practical deadlock between the Executive and the nation's bicameral legislature. As a result no legislation of any importance was passed during the 1957 legislative session, and political observers liken the present executive-legislative impasse to that which occurred in 1932 when President Gabriel Terra, losing patience with an obstinate legislature, abolished it in Uruguay's sole coup d'état of modern times.

Between the United States and Uruguay exist two controversies, laughable against the larger scene of world tension, but serious enough in their own limited sphere. Some years ago the government-operated railways contracted with the Southern U.S. Lumber Company for a quantity of cross-ties. The company made ready for delivery and was then informed that the Uruguayans were no longer interested in the purchase. The company, with the cross-ties on hand, sued for breach of contract, and the case has since languished in diplomatic channels. The other conflict resulted from a countervailing duty invoked by the U.S. Department of Commerce on the importation of wool tops whose low price resulted from Uruguayan government subsidy. This restriction is frequently cited by Uruguayan politicos as the root of all Uruguay's economic troubles. The *Quincistas* desperately need a whipping boy, and in this role at least, Uncle Sam is popular.

Batlle's Government is known to be seeking long-term, low-interest loans from any and every source to prop up the country's sagging economy. Refusal, however, to commit itself even to the most nominal obligations has so far put an end to all negotiations, and the bitterness engendered in Uruguay is again directed at the United States which has seldom been known to refuse a ready handout in response to an international sob story. The inability of Uruguay's political leaders to make the country attractive to private capital investment proves the incompatibility between elementary economic reform and the nation's collectivist dreams. Their repudiation could bring political downfall to the party that has for ninety years increasingly dominated and regulated the lives of Uruguayans.

"Things can't go on as they are" is murmured in every bar, *boliche* and bus, but in this writer's opinion the Uruguayans are too demoralized by state handouts and economic legerdemain to produce a viable alternative to the country's deepening political and economic decay. The first step back on the sawdust trail would be the abolition of subsidies, the purging of welfare philosophies and a thorough national reorientation toward the value and necessity of hard work. And for our *criollo* friends, that would be a very long step indeed.

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The Dirtiest Word in the Language

If you happen to be a white, Protestant American of Scottish, British, Welsh or even Dutch descent, well then, brother, you've had it

MORRIE RYSKIND

You can't—at any rate, *I* can't—formulate a precise definition of obscenity: there are too many intangibles involved. The saltiness of Chaucer and Rabelais can make me chuckle with delight, while Norman Mailer's use of the same or equivalent expressions sickens me and Tennessee Williams can drive me out of the theater.

This can't be entirely because I'm just a dirty old four-letter-word reactionary, and Chaucer and Rabelais belonged to the horse-and-buggy era whereas Mailer and Williams are the heralds of the Bright New Realism. It has something to do, I insist, with the fact that Chaucer and Rabelais were artists, while Mailer and Williams are merely sensationalists. With Messrs. C. and R., the words seem not only right but inevitable; with Messrs. M. and W., I have the uneasy feeling that some nasty brats are chalking up the sidewalk.

Similarly, Mae West and Sophie Tucker of the night clubs can make me ill as they describe—with bumps—the kind of men who appeal to them. The impish Joe E. Lewis, on the other hand, can say almost anything—and, come to think of it, he *does*—and make me guffaw. The answer, I suppose, is—if I may venture a bilingual pun that I pray hasn't been used before—*disgustibus non disputandum est.*

But the dirtiest four-letter word of all is rarely to be found on the night club circuit, or even in the pages of *Peyton Place.* You are much more likely to come across it, I regret to say, at a PTA or a League of Women Voters meeting. And this one is so dirty, in fact, that it has *eight* letters in it.

The word, of course, is "minority." Basically a good, sound word, it has been so perverted and debased by the pressure groups and the politicos that I shudder every time I hear it. Its new—and obscene—implications fill me with loathing, and I'd like to root it out of the language once and for all.

You see, I was brought up on Noah Webster and Euclid; and to me a rose is a rose. Though I was progressive enough, when Gertrude Stein came along, to accept a rose is a rose is a rose. So far I will go, but no further. Put up your dukes, because I'm coming out swinging when you tell me a rose is a weed that smells like a skunk in full bloom.

And that's about what they've done with "minority." If you're a member of the minority in this country today, you're one of the largest collection of human beings ever lumped under one banner. You take all the Catholics, Jews, Negroes, Poles, Italians, Hungarians, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans and Nisei in America and what have you got? Any demagogue can tell you: the downtrodden, underprivileged, poorly-housed, underpaid, overworked, segregated two-thirds of a nation, just barely able to keep body and soul and maybe fifty different lobbies alive—that's what you've got. Viewing this sorry spectacle, what candidate for public office can resist mounting a soap-box and promising, as the tears stream down his face, that he will, if elected, do something at the next session to undo man's inhumanity to man? (True, Grover Cleveland might have told the lobbyists to go fly a kite, but there aren't any Clevelands around today; no modern Administration would dare make a remark of that sort unless it had arranged, under the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, for the immediate distribution of free kites to all the needy, kiteless children of the country, with scholarships to Cal. Tech. and MIT for the kids adjudged the best kite-flyers. After all, we need scientists and that's the way Benjamin Franklin started, wasn't it? And you could do the whole thing for only about $25 billion. To start with, that is.)

What makes the situation even worse is that every member of this gigantic minority, except for a mere handful of renegades,[1] is, *ipso facto,* the noblest of all God's creations. You don't have to do anything special to be thus haloed; mere religion or ancestry is enough, and there is ample literature from such authorities as UNESCO, the NAACP, and B'nai Brith to prove it. Not to mention *any* speech made *any*where before *any*body by Jimmy Roosevelt, Hubert Humphrey, Adam Clayton Powell Jr. or Jacob K. Javits.

These truths have become so self-evident that they have entered our folklore, even to the extent of destroying some of the fun of guessing who dun it. Book or movie or play, if a fellow attends mass or observes Yom Kippur, you can rule him out immediately no matter *what* the circumstantial evidence indicates. Likewise, if he's colored or Mexican, he had nothing to do with the murder of the nice old lady. But if he's a white Baptist or Presbyterian or Methodist, this is your man. And five will get you ten that his unscrupulous mouthpiece, who uses his shrewd knowledge of the law only to evade it, is an Episcopalian.

But perhaps the most important contribution made by the interlocking directorate of the Minority Lobby—I rank it second only to John Kreuttner's famous cartoon exposing

(*Continued on p. 119*)

[1]The exceptions are people who have been praised by or, worse still, have contributed to NATIONAL REVIEW: thus Bill Buckley is not ranked as a Catholic, I am not counted as a Jew, and George Schuyler is regarded as only a nominal Negro. For the purposes of the Liberal Census, the three of us are classed as white Protestants.

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Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

The Welfare State Wins a Round

The political scene woke up with a jerk over a little matter of fifty million pounds. The secret had been well kept. A flurry of Cabinet meetings was attributed to Cyprus, Malta and the need to get everything shipshape before the Prime Minister set out on his Commonwealth tour. Then suddenly, high political drama: the Chancellor of the Exchequer resigns, taking with him both his junior Ministers at the Treasury.

An unusually sharp exchange of letters between the Prime Minister and the Chancellor has been published. The dispute arose over plans for next April's Budget. Mr. Thorneycroft, the Chancellor, insisted that the estimates for 1958-59 should not exceed this year's expenditure by so much as a penny. Mr. Macmillan, supported apparently by the rest of the Cabinet, said they would have to go up by about a hundredth, that is by fifty million pounds; any further cuts would hit the social services, thereby increasing the pressure of new wage claims. Mr. Thorneycroft stuck to his guns and, when he couldn't carry the Cabinet with him, resigned.

Newspaper comment has been fairly evenly divided. The *Times* performed a most remarkable editorial *volte face*: Monday's leading article was rapturously pro-Macmillan; Tuesday's, after the news broke, sternly accused Macmillan of flinching at the vital test. The official Conservative Party is heart and soul behind the Government but Mr. Thorneycroft has a good deal of backbench and dissident Tory support.

Let's try to get this contest in perspective. On our right, Mr. Thorneycroft. As one of his seconds put it, "We were out to win the battle of inflation, and the others were not." Government expenditure is among the major causes of inflation. If private credit is to be restricted and everybody asked to hold wages and prices at last year's level, the Government itself "must accept the same measure of financial discipline as it seeks to impose on others." This is a matter of principle and Mr. Thorneycroft could not conscientiously prepare a budget which transgressed it.

On our left stands Mr. Macmillan with his colleagues ranged about him. In his view the Government is doing very well to keep expenditure down to within a hundredth of last year's level. It would be politically naive to stick rigidly to the exact figure. The marginal saving would be more than outweighed by the unpopularity of cuts in the social services and the automatic rise in the cost of living which they would produce. The final result might be more rather than less inflation. The Chancellor's attitude is mere obstinacy and his resignation at this juncture highly irresponsible. "It is as if," said a Tory Whip, "a wife who spent 500 pounds last year agrees with her husband to spend the same sum next year, then finds she must spend 504 pounds. Even under the most liberal matrimonial code this would not be considered a ground for desertion."

From the point of view of economic sanity, let alone genuine Conservatism, it is hard not to support Mr. Thorneycroft. His resignation was not, after all, a mere fit of pique, a sudden hot-headed gesture; his views evidently reflect official Treasury advice.

In the first place, fifty million pounds is not a trifle; if it seems to be, that is because the Budget has already grown far too big. And even if it were a trifle, it is a trifle in the wrong place, a small hole in the dam, a weakness in the rope. The Government has staked everything, its own fate and the country's, on a desperate stand against inflation. It has said in effect "Thus far and no further." Last autumn the pound was saved by the narrowest of margins: the next round of wage claims is barely being held off: civil service departments have been told that any new expenditure must be balanced by cuts elsewhere.

Quite apart from inflation, certain Government expenditure—on education, for instance, as the school-age population grows—is bound to increase in the near future. If we can't hold Government spending now, we never can: we shall be committed to a perpetual rise.

But what to cut? Certainly not defense, which has been cut too much already and is always an easy target for a vote-winning Chancellor. The civil estimates then? Any cut in the social services is bound to hurt somebody. The beneficiaries of the Welfare State are certainly not prepared to abandon it and they neither know nor care where the money comes from. One political commentator recently described postwar policy as "the view that finance should henceforth be not a limiting and determining consideration in the conduct of government at home, but an instrument of the social purposes on which the community was resolved. This was an extremely revolutionary idea equivalent to a private determination to tear up all bank statements before they were opened."

Mr. Macmillan's Government evidently shares this view. It has been called the most reactionary Government since Chamberlain but it isn't really reactionary at all. It believes in the Welfare State, like all its predecessors; it cannot withdraw from the policies of high expenditure and high taxation, however much it might like to do so in theory. When the moment of decision came, when the policies of the Welfare State clashed openly with the policies of sound money, it was sound money which had to give way.

Philosophically, it has been a most damaging crisis; but politically, perhaps not. Mr. Macmillan played the whole affair down with superb confidence. The new Chancellor, Mr. Heathcoat Amery, is a man of notable integrity. The rebels will still support the Government in Parliament. There will be no general election. Mr. Macmillan has dealt before with splits that seemed hardly less dangerous: and where is Lord Salisbury's influence now? Where is the Suez Group?

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Girgenti: Built for the Ages

Upon great barren ridges in the south of Sicily, looking across the African Sea toward Carthage, stands Girgenti —which the Greeks called Akragas, and the Romans called Agrigentum, and Mussolini called Agrigento. But the Saracen and medieval name, Girgenti, endures; and the town itself, a place of fifty thousand people, is medieval still, crowned by the sirocco-worn cathedral of golden stone on the site of a great Greek temple.

The ghosts of the fifth-century Greeks, however, hover over the place; and the tourists come to see the splendid line of Greek temples that stands upon the southern ridge, right against the ancient walls looking out to sea. Girgenti is better than Athens, better than Delphi; Pindar called it the loveliest of mortal cities.

"For its suggestion, as it were, of resurrection, the vision it seems to offer you of the remote and beautiful past, of a life wholly different, and, in your first material glimpse of it, thus magically spread before you, certainly lovelier than anything we have known, that view is unique, not only in Sicily but in the world." So wrote Edward Hutton, looking upon Girgenti from the gardens of the Hotel des Temples.

Girgenti has its eerie charm and beauty still, though we moderns are endeavoring to uglify it. There were, according to various estimates, two hundred thousand to eight hundred thousand souls within its walls in ancient times; the medieval and modern town occupies only a corner of its ruins. It also is a sullen and sinister place. The chief bookshops are in the hands of Communists; a conspiratorial knot of young men with fast cars meets at the declining Hotel des Temples; everywhere the Communist placards are on the crumbling golden walls of the medieval hive.

When I was there in October, photographs of the Little Rock affair were the favorite Communist publicity-device; but it is doubtful whether they had any real effect upon the sullen and shiftless population of modern Girgenti. For Girgenti, like all of Sicily, still is fighting the war against the Saracens, in its mind's eye; and the Sicilians always represent Saracens as black men. In the cathedral, a sacristan showed us a fresco of the saint who came with Robert Guiscard to Girgenti, preaching to a mixed multitude of white and black folk. "See!" he exclaimed. "St. Gerlando preached even to Saracens!" Thus the response of the Sicilian to the Little Rock pictures usually seems to be, "Those black children are Saracens, naturally. Who would let Saracens into school?" It is somewhat comforting to find, now and then, that the Communists are not much more clever at propaganda than our own official propagandists.

Be that as it may, the Communists are thick at Girgenti. In these sour faces you do not see the celebrated merriment of Sicily; but then, they were sour before the Communists came, the Girgentines. Hutton, a generation ago, wrote of the coming of industrialism—principally through the great sulphur mines—to Girgenti: "Yes, that world of misery and sulphur swirls round the high acropolis of Girgenti and trickles down to the sea at Porto Empedocle. It does not spoil the southern landscape . . . but it certainly sours the Agrigentines and marks them with the stigmata of industrialism."

I am inclined to think, however, that the sinister character of Girgenti extends away back beyond the dawn of recorded history. The living rock under the whole of the medieval town is honeycombed by strange passages, entered from a grim gateway in the Piazza del Purgatorio, through which incessantly stream vapors from this underworld, vanishing in the hot, dry air of the streets; and these infernal regions are older than the glory that was Greece. The oldest temple is dedicated to the infernal water-deities, and consists of a labyrinth of low, twisting tunnels, utterly dark: this is Sican, though the conquering Greeks made of it a temple of Demeter and Proserpine. The first famous ruler of Akragas, the terrible Phalaris, roasted his enemies in a brazen bull. Beauty is very old at Girgenti; but so are evil and terror.

Empedocles, the greatest native of Akragas, said that his fellow citizens lived as luxuriously as if they expected to die on the morrow; but built as if they would live forever. Luxury, indeed, was an immediate cause of their ruin. In the Carthaginian war, the authorities of Akragas forbade their soldiers, while in the field, to carry more than two mattresses and two pillows. In the end, the fierce Carthaginians came over the high walls, and the luxurious people of Akragas fled toward Syracuse—those that could.

Well, we Americans certainly do not build as if we expected to live forever: scarcely anything we erect nowadays will be standing a century from now. We certainly live as luxuriously as if we expected to die tomorrow, however—though, as a matter of fact, nearly all of us assume that the wealth and the power of these United States will endure to the end of time. So, I have no doubt, the men of Akragas thought of their fairest of mortal cities. Yet a sterner race, equally (and more exclusively) bent upon material things, snatched all from them, and put the torch to the temples of their gods, and desecrated the ashes of their fathers. Akragas, in some sense, will live forever; it was built for the ages, and with a wondrous sense of beauty. But if the American society comes to catastrophe, nothing will survive the dissolution of the political order. There will be no American temples, 2,500 years from now, looking toward the sea; there will not even be monumental tombs, or the mosaic floors of splendid houses in the shade of almond trees. We shall leave no ghosts. With us, it is survival as a living society, or else oblivion. And I am unsure how much will to survive endures among us: survival which requires sacrifice, I mean.

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Dr. Toynbee's Homogenized Church

DOUGLAS JERROLD

Arnold Toynbee has for some years been deeply impressed by the need for a common religious basis to inspire and energize the fight which all peoples must wage against the modern heresy of "our worship of ourselves in the shape of collective human power." By this extremely unsatisfactory phrase he means, he explains, Communism on the one side of the Iron Curtain, Nationalism on the other. These are each "a creation of the same perverse theme: man's self-centered worship of himself."

At the end of his famous *Study of History,* Dr. Toynbee seemed to be expecting the development, and certainly to be urging the desirability, of a new syncretic religion.

In the later essay, *An Historian's Approach to Religion,* he asserted that the mission of the historian was to correct a self-centeredness that is one of the intrinsic limitations and imperfections, not merely of human life, but of all life on the face of the earth. It follows that there was for Dr. Toynbee no exclusive revelation. To believe that our religion is the only true and right religion, that it alone has received a revelation; that, even if it is a truth which has been revealed to us, it is the whole, and only, truth—such pride and prejudice are symptoms of original sin.

In *Christianity Among the Religions of the World* (Scribner's, $2.75), addressed from a Christian platform mainly to professed Christians, Dr. Toynbee speaks with less readiness to pronounce anathemas on Christian practices and conduct among the good pagans of northwestern Europe than in Trans-Caucasia or Calabria. He finds no answer to the problem of evil. He compares Hinduism and the Judaic religions, the former seeking to save the absoluteness of God at the cost of His goodness, the latter to save this goodness at the cost of His absoluteness. Neither solution, he observes, is true because, for human beings, "God has to be *both* absolute *and* good." This dilemma has been present to the human mind from the beginning of religious thinking. Professor Toynbee does not bother even to mention the Christian solution, which attributes moral and physical evil to the created free will of man, transgressing the laws of God.

Dr. Toynbee says he is no theologian, but he knows the Christian arguments well enough. He is totally uninterested in them. He is determined to represent all metaphysical systems as at the same level of insufficiency.

He has another equally revealing comment on the fundamental Christian belief when he writes, after a discussion of the Canaanite belief in human sacrifice, that "this abominable rite has been, I think, one of the sources of inspiration of the sublime and profound vision of a God and Son who voluntarily sacrifices himself for the salvation of his creatures." Who was "inspired" by this abominable rite? Clearly not God the Son but the men who had the "profound and sublime" vision of a God the Son sacrificing Himself. It is clear from the sentence I have quoted that Dr. Toynbee either believes the whole story of the crucifixion and of the events which came before and after it to be an invention or, more probably, that the crucifixion of Jesus by the Romans at the wish of the Jews was written up after the event into a "profound and sublime" allegory, sublimating the primitive ancestral beliefs of the Canaanites into a new revelation of the ways of God with men.

It is at any rate as clear as daylight that the whole bone structure of historical Christianity is denied, but denied not candidly but surreptitiously under cover of a shower of complimentary epithets and patronizing appraisement.

From this point Dr. Toynbee proceeds swiftly and easily to his conclusions. The great world religions must get together, retaining their own faith but united (to oppose the revived challenge of the worship of collective human power) by the one belief common to all the present world religions, the common belief in the existence of a spiritual force superior to man, to whose dictates man must, therefore, bow.

Next, we are to learn more and more "to respect, reverence, admire and love other faiths."

Finally, we are to hold "fast to what we believe to be the essential truth and ideals in our own Christian Faith."

These essential truths, or points, in Christianity are stated by Dr. Toynbee as first of all the "vision" that Christianity has "of God as loving his creatures so greatly that he has sacrificed himself for their salvation." The second essential point "would be a conviction that human beings ought to follow the example that God has set them in his Incarnation and Crucifixion; and the third point would be not just to hold this conviction theoretically but to act on it as far as one is able."

Having thus abolished the Law and the Prophets, the Commandments, the Church and the Sacraments, as well as the central act of corporate worship and the specific obligations laid on all individuals, in favor of having a vision of a self-sacrificing God, it is not surprising to be told that the "vision" will be found to be "not exclusively Christian." It is a Christian heritage from nature worship. "Does it not come from the vision of a vegetation God,

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a grain God?" So everyone except the Christians will be happy, and the Christians are asked to console themselves at this point by remembering that in a peaceful competition with the other creeds, "the best of the competing religions will eventually win the allegiance of the whole human race."

A Christian can, alas!, more safely prophesy that if Christians abandon their faith, turn their backs on the Church and its Sacraments and the channels of grace opened to them if they obey the Christian code, they will be left at the post in any competition with other religions. The subtle and erudite Chinese, Indian and Islamic theologians and philosophers are not going to abandon their historic creeds and systems for a vision borrowed from a grain God, Tammuz, Osiris or Adonis, supplemented by a cult descended from the pagan vision of the Mother Goddess, Isis or Cybele, nor will they greatly admire the individual or collective wisdom of a body of men convinced, as according to Dr. Toynbee they should be, that they "ought to follow the example that God has set them in His Incarnation."

How wise of Dr. Toynbee, in the circumstances, to remind his Christian audience to face their future with humility and to urge upon them the desirability of conviction without fanaticism and belief without pride.

Dr. Toynbee delivered these lectures as "an historian with a Christian upbringing and background." There is, alas!, nothing historical in his approach to his theme and the present book, like his last, does no credit to the profession of which he is an honored member. Historians have a right to their own views, but if they write as historians, as members of a profession which has a code and acknowledges its responsibilities, they must at least indicate the *historical* evidence on which they rely for their conclusions. Clearly the central mystery of the Incarnation is not susceptible of historical proof, but Our Lord's belief in His own divinity and His foundation of a teaching church and His promises to it are historical facts, if we accept the authenticity of the record. If we do not accept the record we must show good reasons for denying it.

Christianity is rooted not in visions but in history. It is an historical truth or a vast series of lies. Christ was born at a definite place and time, lived and taught among men who have compiled the records we hold, was crucified and, according to the evidence of His contemporaries, rose again from the dead. Without an examination of the basic historical question, Dr. Toynbee's argument must be said to fail. There is no relationship between the teaching church to which Christians think they belong, a church which prescribes a clear doctrine and rigid discipline and claims to hold the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and that adherence to a body of visionaries without a church, or discipline, or sacraments which is Dr. Toynbee's idea of the Christian Church of the future.

We do not doubt that Dr. Toynbee is right on one point and on one alone: that other world religions would greatly prefer the competition of Dr. Toynbee's "church" to that of the Church founded by Jesus Christ. But the world religions will not have the choice.

The Reader and the Novelist

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Caroline Gordon's *How to Read a Novel* (Viking, $3.50) is concerned with the general reader and what he demands of the novelist — and what the novelist in turn demands of him. Granted that a novel tells a story, the basic facts of fiction are not quite as simple as they are presumed to be outside the graduate schools (inside, of course, the reverse is true). Miss Gordon, herself a distinguished novelist, codifies these facts with lucid common sense—the problems of narration, plot, style, setting, and so on.

Her discussion of Henry James is particularly enlightening, for the general reader first exposed to the later James often tends to find himself enveloped in Laocoön coils. It was James' achievement to have applied the technique of the theater to the art of fiction. As Miss Gordon puts it: "James has practically obliterated himself as a narrator. His stories are not told; they are acted out as on a stage." Giving James all due honor, to her credit she is willing to stand up and be counted. As far as style goes, she considers James' last phase of qualifying qualifications inferior to his earlier manner, and attributes those bristling, formidable sentences—probably correctly—to the influence of James *père's* hair-splitting, logic-chopping embroideries.

It is quite true that "all techniques of fiction reduce themselves, in the end, to one problem: how can the writer best persuade the reader to step inside the charmed circle of his imagination and how can he induce him to linger there long enough to observe what goes on on that stage."

Unfortunately, with the alienation of the "serious" artist from the common audience, the advanced novelists have long since been induced to turn their backs on the retreating public. Otherwise, how can one explain the monumental flaccidity of Gertrude Stein's *The Making of Americans* or the later cryptogrammatical Joyce? Obviously the grandsons of those who waited with such eagerness for the next monthly instalment of *Pickwick Papers* are not going to feel the same enthusiasm for the charades of *Finnegans Wake*—though Joyce's book has been such a godsend to the academic elucidators and aspirant Ph.D's that if it had not been written it would probably have had to be invented.

A kindred problem to which Miss Gordon devotes a chapter is that of the decline of the hero in fiction. How right she is that "the hero whose aim is expression . . . is not a real hero and therefore not a fit subject for artistic creation." I wish she might have said more about this neo-Wertherism, the misunderstood and harried artist-hero who in the concluding paragraph goes off to forge within his soul the uncreated conscience of his race, or in somewhat plainer English, to write the several hundred thousand words that the perspiring reader has just finished. Joyce's Stephen Dedalus manages it twice, Lawrence's Paul Morel performs the now old dodge

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of becoming a painter, and on a more popular level the neanderthal sport of *From Here to Eternity* exhibits certain vague literary yearnings toward the end of the book before he is fortunately shot. It is a curiously persistent pattern with innumerable examples.

Within the limitations of any "how-to" book, limitations imposed after all by the understanding of the reader, Miss Gordon has written a very useful one. More important than that, however, she has written an interesting and eminently readable one.

Movies

No Holds Barred

PETER CRUMPET

The Paris movie theater stands facing Central Park, off Fifth Avenue on 59th Street. It is in a posh section of town, the grand Plaza Hotel on its left, and on the right, within a block or so, the Savoy-Plaza and the Sherry-Netherland. The Paris caters to sophisticates like you and me, highly integrated Negroes in neat Harris tweeds, and that segment of New York society which would not for the world miss the *recherché* foreign films which our press would not for the world miss reviewing in extravagant terms.

And God Created Woman is such a film. It is French and, surprisingly, in technicolor. In a town whose schools may not post the Ten Commandments on the ground that they are controversial (but where chrome-colored placards of the human sexual equipment abound in sex-education classes), it is safe to predict a long run for it.

My wife and I arrived *in medias res*. A pleasant young Frenchman wearing a white shirt and gray flannels was already proposing marriage to Brigitte Bardot, who sat in an improbable green dress astride a bicycle. She refused him. He persisted. Finally, she acquiesced, and in those few seconds of dialogue we understood that the pleasant young Frenchman was grasping cuckoldry by the horns.

The next three shots described the reactions of mother, confessor and friend to the young man's proposed marriage. The priest gravely likened Miss Bardot to a colt which he, poor child, would not be man enough to . . . he did not say ride. The friend, on his part, went into paroxysms of laughter over the telephone. The scene which introduced the mother of the pleasant young Frenchman pictured Miss Bardot reclining on an armchair in such a fashion that her dress split far enough up her thighs (the shot was taken angling up her thighs) that her contempt for underclothes of any kind was obvious. (One wasn't sure, yet, but one hoped to ascertain the fact.) She remained in this most typical posture of a French girl interviewing her prospective mother-in-law while the latter spat out animadversions on her moral character. Miss Bardot was unmoved, her thickish face set in its unvarying aphrodisiac stare.

The wedding was a simple affair, with a party of no more than five or six people. One understood that Miss Bardot loved the best man. This was made clear to everybody, including the groom, when she took four screen minutes before saying "I do," gazing the while with aphrodisiac despair at the uncommunicative face of the friend. Then the solemn sacrament of marriage, with all the divine mystery of spiritual union, was completed.

The camera follows the happy pair as they walk home for the bridal dinner. They pass some youths loitering at an outside café. One of the *apaches* hums a song which is properly distressing to a husband of fifteen minutes, since the lyrics make mention of horns. The pleasant young Frenchman halts. Miss Bardot looks at him with aphrodisiac impassiveness. Her husband turns and approaches the *apache*. The *apache* hums some more. The pleasant young Frenchman punches the *apache*. The *apache* falls. He gets up slowly, and then suddenly begins a brutal beating of the pleasant young Frenchman which James Cagney, in his glory, never equalled. Miss Bardot looks on with aphrodisiac detachment. When the fifth kick is delivered to the groin of her fallen champion, she screams, "You will kill him," and she rushes in. (This shows the good side of her character.)

The *apache* is pulled off by two friends, and Miss Bardot supports her bewildered, doubled-over husband to his house. She says as they go, "I did not know you were so brave."

Guests and mother are moderately shocked by the pleasant young Frenchman's appearance. Mother says, "Well, if this isn't a fine beginning"—which is something many mothers might have said. Miss Bardot tells her mother-in-law to take care of the guests while she goes upstairs to take care of her husband.

We follow the pair into a bedroom. Miss Bardot unbuttons her husband's shirt. His chest appears to be bruised and bloody. The only surprise is that it has not been caved in. Miss Bardot shows an aphrodisiac lack of surprise. She runs her fingers down his bared chest. The pleasant young Frenchman looks at her stupidly. Perhaps he cannot believe she would suggest such a thing when he is obviously incapacitated for the day. But we are not to be disappointed. The camera closes on Miss Bardot's head and shoulders. Her face assumes an expression of aphrodisiac intensity. Slowly, she releases the top button of her wedding dress. Then the next, and the next, and the next. The camera teases us by switching to a profile view of the pleasant young Frenchman, who is looking at Miss Bardot (off-screen, to the right) incredulously. A white garment is suddenly thrust into his face, held by a strong brown arm (we guessed correctly—no underclothes). We see them next in an embrace. Miss Bardot's nudity here is only suggested by showing a bit of everything but enough of nothing.

The camera returns to the scene downstairs. Guests say, What could the young people be doing? The audience titters. But to be sure that we understand, the camera returns to the bedroom. The pleasant young Frenchman is lying back on the bed. He still wears a stupid expression, but it is now somewhat relaxed. Miss Bardot wears a look of aphrodisiac contentment.

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And here is where the censors really go to work. Miss Bardot is in the act of disengaging herself from her husband (you see, the whole thing is moral, because they are married), when there is a sort of jerk in the film, and one sees her next stepping behind a translucent screen, which with the unfailing realism that distinguishes this film, just happens to be there. The delicacy of the situation is preserved for American audiences, since one's modesty is not affronted by the view of Miss Bardot's aphrodisiac body without something—albeit a translucent screen—intervening.

The camera returns to the living room (reluctantly, is my guess). The party is seated at the table, and all look up in surprise as Miss Bardot descends the stairs in a thick bathrobe. "How is he?" says mother. "Not bad," says Miss Bardot, and the theater rocks with laughter.

I must be forgiven for describing these sequences in unsparing detail—for treating you as unsparingly as the audience is treated. But we must all understand: this is Art. I am sorry I cannot describe more. My wife and I were already walking out when Miss Bardot uttered her ribald line. We stepped into a cold, black night, and under the unbroken vault of Heaven, New York looked like a phosphorescent sea. I glanced back at the marquee as we were entering a taxicab. I could see only the word "God." And I prayed for mercy.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE DIARY OF "HELENA MORLEY," translated from the Portuguese by Elizabeth Bishop (Farrar, $4.75). "Helena Morley" is the pseudonym of a lady whose grandfather settled in Brazil one hundred years ago to serve as doctor in a small diamond-mining town deep in the interior. Her diary is an actual document, kept for three years in her teens; and since it was published in Brazil in 1942, it has been praised throughout the Hispanic world as one of those true "sports" of literature. What makes it exceptional (Bernanos compared it to Rimbaud's poems) is not its particulars of life in a remote mountain village in 1893, but the quicksilver temperament of the narrator. At twelve, there is a purity of vision and a canniness of understanding which very rarely get into words, and which even the greatest poets cannot simulate. There is enough awareness to see, but not enough to inhibit. This is the vantage point "Helena Morley" writes from, and her diary is the sort of book Colette's Claudine might have produced had she never gone to Paris and infected her innocence with its *grivoiseries*. Every page, in Elizabeth Bishop's empathic rendering, is as fresh, pertinent and uncoerced as a plum blossom in the Garden of Eden. I almost wished that, instead of to a happy marriage, the author had gone on to write fifty novels. R. PHELPS

MODERN MIRACULOUS CURES, by Dr. François Leuret and Dr. Henri Bon, translated by Dr. A. T. Macqueen and the Rev. John C. Barry (Farrar, $3.50). The authors report with adequate medical detail an impressively large number of physiological miracles observed at Lourdes and other Catholic shrines. In each case pathological conditions which had been diagnosed by reputable physicians were cured by physiologically inexplicable but unmistakable phenomena, such as the almost instantaneous regeneration of tissue or bone, or the almost instantaneous disappearance of large tumors and oedemata, which were verified by prompt medical examination. R. P. OLIVER

ALL THAT FALL, by Samuel Beckett (Grove, $2.50). Beckett leads that modern school which thinks nothing can express how poorly the gods have put our world together but an artifact equally ill-made—sentences without sense, agents without character, drama without action. In place of all the fluent indictments of God, from Job's to Nietzsche's, this school can offer nothing but the frustrations of waiting and wailing idiots. In this radio playlet commissioned by the BBC, an Irishwoman muses, while going to meet her husband's train, that perhaps she is to meet Godot—her dreams, all the longings which centered once in this man. The theophany is delayed while the train runs over a child (so much for you, gods!) and then her blind husband stumbles from the train cursing her and his life. Unlike Joyce, his master, Beckett cannot even allow inventiveness to belie the picture of a dull world; his symbolism does not go beyond the uninspired use of garbage cans, spittoons and toilet stools. The principal symbol in (and of) this new play is dung. G. WILLS

DEADLINE EVERY MINUTE, by Joe Alex Morris (Doubleday, $5.00). A half-century of journalistic anecdote—from young Roy Howard's cheeky confrontation of Edward W. Scripps to Russell Jones' cliff-hanging coverage of the Hungarian revolution—makes amusing fare, but desultory. Going through about half this book in random bursts of reading, I find some wonderful stuff (such as Merriman Smith's tweaking the patrician nose of FDR), and enjoy glimpsing the behind-the-scenes heroism and tomfoolery (usually the latter) that have accompanied journalistic coverage of most of this century's critical events. So much self-conscious irresponsibility, however, provokes the uncharitable thought that newspapermen—second only to the literary intellectuals—must be the most self-glamorized brotherhood on earth. C. LOGAN

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To the Editor

An Open Letter to Ayn Rand

I have no wish to quarrel with Whittaker Chambers' criticism [December 28] of Ayn Rand's materialism, as materialism. To hold that the brains of Socrates or the ethics of Jesus or the political sagacity of James Madison existed in the "grain of things" merely as part of evolving matter in an aeons-long sequence that in itself has had no beginning demands even more of a belief in miracles than simple acceptance of a Creator. As Lecomte de Nouys has said, to hold that chance itself rolled the first blob of protoplasm involves acceptance of a mathematical impossibility. Thus Miss Rand's theory of the uncaused cause culminating in the emergence of intelligence by an "impossible" chance carries with it its own stupendous faith. It is actually less credulous to believe in God.

However, all of this is quite beside the point when we come to Ayn Rand's defense of simple competence in *Atlas Shrugged.* What makes me a little angry with her is that she led with her materialist chin when she had no need to do it. The point which *Atlas Shrugged* makes—and makes magnificently—is that freedom is the pre-condition of great science, great inventions, great art, great anything. This point remains the same no matter what theories Miss Rand or anyone else entertains about the origins and destiny of man. Indeed, Miss Rand might have introduced a Christian minister into her galaxy of freedom-hunters and still reached the same political conclusions. The clergyman would have held his ground against Miss Rand's motley collection of "planners" by observing that freedom is man's Christian birthright: one's life can have no moral meaning if one is not free to choose between good and evil in all realms, including the economic. The clergyman would have gone on to argue that the free will at the heart of medieval Christendom was what created capitalism in the first place. Not the "excesses" of capitalism, not monopoly, not grinding the faces of the poor. Just the idea that a man becomes less than a man if you take from him his right to choose.

True, the free man may choose evil. But if he has no choice, what is he? Can you have a meaningful religion based on a conviction of totally compelled circumstances? Or based on a church that tolerates political dragooning of energies? The Creator who could so entrap His creatures wouldn't be worth worshipping. As Voltaire didn't say, we would have to dis-invent Him.

If Miss Rand had chosen to admit just one vocal and practising Christian into her Fellowship of the Competent, to join his praise of freedom with the good talk of the composer, the actress and the philosopher who hobnob with Miss Rand's industrialists, there would have been no outcry against *Atlas Shrugged.* A voluntarist Christian would have argued with Miss Rand's John Galt about charity. He would have upheld *voluntary* charity, not the State-directed seizure and dispensation of "other people's money" which passes for charity in a world that has long since debased all its meanings. And John Galt would have had to admit that voluntary charity, coming *after* production and exchange, is entirely compatible with the economic point of *Atlas Shrugged.*

Miss Rand might retort that she, an atheist (if she actually is one), could hardly have introduced a Christian into her story without running the risk of seeming insincere. But a dramatist does not have to believe in her characters' views of Heaven if it's a mere question of illustrating their compatibility with ideas of freedom—and of human competence.

My quarrel with Ayn Rand is that she has needlessly repelled a million readers who ought to be in her camp. She led with her chin (a determined one) and she got clipped. And the non-materialist admirers of her book (I count myself first among them) are now faced with the lugubrious task of persuading people to read it in spite of themselves.

Cheshire, Conn. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In Support of Mr. Chambers

Mr. Whittaker Chambers, in his review of *Atlas Shrugged,* said precisely what I would have said—except that he said it better. . . .

Mecosta, Mich. RUSSELL KIRK

I must admit that I was shocked by the letters [January 18][1] criticizing Whittaker Chambers' review of Ayn Rand's novel *Atlas Shrugged.* Is conservative opinion really so blind as to be taken in by Miss Rand's snobbish appeal to such a reactionary, materialistic conservatism . . .? As she has one of her saviors "bless" the land by making a dollar sign in the air, Miss Rand reaches the depths of depravity. . . .

In his fight against materialistic Communism, Whittaker Chambers suffered more vilification than should be demanded of any man. Must he suffer the same to show our enlightened conservative the ethical principles which he professes to practice?

EDWARD J. REGAN, JR.

Queens Village, N.Y.

1. A search reveals that only one of the writers whose letters were published in the issue of January 18 is a subscriber to *National Review*—Ed.

Whittaker Chambers' review is more than true. For any book, especially one professing to be "philosophic," in which the characters have no more in common with a decent human being than a perverted sense of honesty certainly deserves such a review. The characters in *Atlas Shrugged,* far from being the type who can help this country in its hour of need, are the very ones who are causing the trouble. . . . Granted that the principles of economics and politics presented in the novel are sound. But the . . . attempt to portray characters as living only by economic principles is preposterously impossible and dangerous.

Edmond, Okla. JIM KOLB

After the inane letters in the January 18 issue, a word in defense of Mr. Chambers and his estimate of *Atlas Shrugged* is in order.

We will let Ayn Rand speak for herself. In an interview which recently appeared in the *New York Post,* Mike Wallace asked Miss Rand some very basic questions. A few follow:

"Q. Now, Miss Rand, isn't that a

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selfish philosophy [the one advocated by the heroes of the novel]?
A. Selfish? Most certainly. Every man has a right to exist for himself—and not to sacrifice himself for others.
Q. You are anti-Christian?
A. I am not merely anti-Christian, I am anti-mystical. The cross is the symbol of torture, of the sacrifice of the ideal to the non-ideal. I prefer the dollar sign. . . ."

Truly Mr. Chambers' review and the subsequent letters make patent to all the dichotomy in the conservative camp. A conservatism based on respect for the Divine, His intervention in mankind's history, and the obligations which follow from this Incarnation, *vs.* a conservatism based on the selfish, hedonistic divinization of man and his power with material gain as its juggernaut.

This vast split is not a *bête noire* for the true conservative. For only when the ideological perverts are removed from the camp, will true (*ergo*, Christian) conservatism make the gains which are imperative for the survival of our way of life.

Davenport, Iowa KEVIN COUGHLIN

No American He!

In your January 11 issue the subject of how to handle "American Communists" in the Army was discussed. I fully agree there is no place in the Army for them to start with, and that some special camp where they could carry out certain duties should be provided for them, but I completely disagree with the writers in calling them "American Communists." As soon as one is a Communist, he no longer recognizes nationality and he becomes a member of an international conspiracy and he should be so designated . . .

Downey, Cal. ERIC L. PRIDONOFF

MORRIE RYSKIND

(*Continued from p.* 111)

the anthropological "differences" allegedly existing between various ethnic groups—is in the matter of speech patterns. Every Negro, every Irishman, every Jewish refugee—no matter how late he came to our shores—speaks flawless English in the cultivated tones of an Oxford Don. Indeed, if you close your eyes, you are certain it is Churchill talking. This is all to the good because it means that racist writers like Stephen Foster, Roark Bradford, Finley Peter Dunne and Montague Glass are not only dead but permanently buried—and with them the so-called comics who betrayed their birthright for gold. When I think of the incredible harm that Potash and Perlmutter and Mr. Dooley and Ol' Man Adam did to our international relations: how Africa was revolted by Bert Williams, how East Germany shuddered at Lew Fields and Barney Bernard, how they rioted in Scotland and Indonesia when Harry Lauder sang, "It's a Braw Bricht Moonlicht Nicht" at the Palace, I can only wonder whether the pure joy these performers gave us was worth it.

Only Rochester and the Kingfish—bless them!—survive. And please don't confuse the laughter and applause they get with the real feelings of the audience, which is only demonstrating its superiority complex. Secretly, it wants to lynch them. Indeed, the late Walter White once told me that he was doing everything he could to have Rochester banned from the screen, because of the injury he was doing to the colored race. At that time, I confess, I thought that Rochester, in his own way, was doing more good than Mr. White.

But you learn. For example, I've given up completely the notion of doing a screenplay about my grandfather, whom I adored. He was a tall six-footer with an orthodox beard that was at least five foot seven, and there are a lot of anecdotes about him that might have made an enjoyable hour or so. But—let's face it—he spoke very little English; and, when he did, it didn't sound a bit like Churchill. And who's going to buy *that?*

Nobody, of course. Not while the New Lexicographers rule the roost. The word-changers must be driven out of the temples, and with them must go the compulsory collectivism that has forced the rest of us to pay involuntary tribute to them. On that proud day, an American—white or black, Jew or Gentile, of Mexican or Polish or whatnot descent—can again be an American and an individual, and not a member of a hydra-headed, parasitic and obscene minority.

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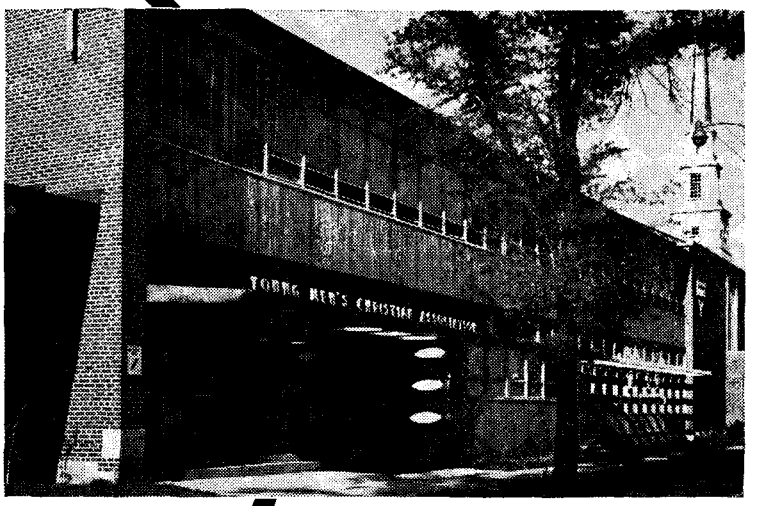

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